

THE HERETIC



50p

ISSUE ONE
OCTOBER 1993

STUDENT
SPECIAL

DRUGS
THE REAL STORY

FREELoader
SCANDAL !!!

Have I got news for you ?
"Paul Merton is a miserable bastard"

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH IAN HISLOP !!!

Student Life - The BeerScene

It is probably true that the average student spends more time studying the receding line of froth on his/her pint glass than they do the approved texts. Such a popular pastime has imbibing the old amber nectar become indeed, that many city bars have sprung up to cater solely for the student beer monster phenomena. Market leaders 'The Bristo Bar' (pictured below) have been foremost in offering a wide range of services (and beverages!!) to the students of Edinburgh for many a year. When interviewed, the manager told us; "Yup, we've got over a hundred years experience of shoving cheap beer down students' faces."

THE BRISTO



And indeed it does! The Bristo Bar has a long history of catering to the student market and is accordingly geared up to meet the needs of its student clientele. A friendly atmosphere where everybody seems to get to know each other quickly is aided by a literal plethora of parties, events and games nights (they've got Bouncy Boxing and Sumo Wrestling on soon!). The management and staff (every single one of whom are students themselves) are justifiably proud of presenting some of the biggest and cheapest drinks promotions in Edinburgh. And that pride extends beyond the Bristo's doors as well! In addition to their long standing relationships with numerous University clubs, the Bristo are proud to sponsor Edinburgh University's Rugby and Hockey club providing much needed support on the field and a warm welcome back home!

T/SOR/40/2/8

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(Under Duress I might add)

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The Old Nullifidian

By the time you read this the media will probably all but forgotten the September election of Derek Beakon for council in London's Isle of Dogs. In case you too have forgotten, the despicable Beakon is the first BNP councillor in the country and as such, the first openly racist politico to hold public office since the equally odious Enoch Powell.

Derek Beakon is twice the threat that Powell ever was. Mr. Powell was a master orator, well educated, statesmanlike and, elected at a time when the entire concept of a multiracial Britain was still frighteningly new, by a Welsh electorate with little real experience of coloured Britains. Beakon, on the other hand, is a crude and inexperienced public speaker who's media image is of little more than that of an insidious Alf Garnett caricature, yet he has been elected to office by a ward in the very heart of Britain's racial melting pot.

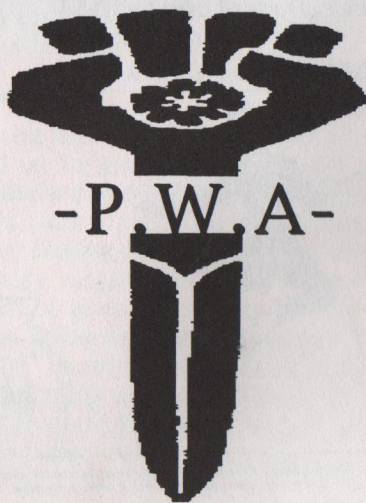
Typically, the Labour and Liberal Democrat parties have chosen to blame each other for the BNP's victory. They're looking in the wrong place. It is **everybody's** fault. Whether you live in the Isle of Dogs or in downtown Marchmont you are as to blame as any other. By regarding them as little more as a bad joke, society has allowed Beakon and the scum who spread his vile propoganda to believe that it is all right for them to do so. Perhaps you feel slurred, it's probable that you're the kind of person that eschews racism, maybe you've got a few coloured friends yourself, you might even be coloured, it doesn't matter.

When was the last time that you noticed racist graffiti? Right, now when was the last time you tore that poster down, or came back at night and painted over the graffiti? In fact, when was the last time that you did anything more positive than shake your head and make tutting noises at the news of yet another piece of racially motivated violence? Think about it. How would you feel if I came round and threw a few bricks through your window before getting my mates round to shout insults at you? I'll warrant you'd feel even worse if all your neighbours did in your defence was to look sympathetic.

Beakon has now apparently reneged on his election

promises by assuring us that he will serve to represent his constituents whatever their colour. Don't believe him. The oldest political trick in the book is to assuage the fears of others by demonstrating an apparently reasonable approach to the whole game. Beakon will probably make a big deal of his coming to the aid of the Asian or Black electorate. He will continue to do so until the BNP is accepted as a legitimate member of democratic partisan politics. If he, or rather those who pull his strings, succeed in doing so, more BNP candidates will be elected to office. When enough have done so the BNP will shed their sheep's clothing and pursue their original intent.

Reported incidents of racial violence have more than doubled over the past four years. Surprised? You probably are. The media has singularly failed to bring public attention to the mounting racial crisis in our cities. The esteemed members of the Westminster club have found little occasion to remark upon it. The laggards who put them there have raised no outcry. If the likes of Derek Beakon continue to rise in prominence (and they probably will) it is because they represent one of the few virile elements in an apathetic bloated society. Sooner or later the buck has to stop somewhere. Where's it gonna be?



Meander through the corridors of power with

The HERETIC's Guide To Student Politics

In 1968 the students of Paris registered their dissatisfaction with the present government's politics by taking to the streets and hurling sticks, stones and typewriters at anyone who tried to stop them. In Britain administration blocks were seized, libraries occupied and principles' offices attacked. Today, your average student registers disgust by telling their friends how terrible it all is over a drink. Perhaps the more radical student might boycott the afternoon showing of 'Neighbours'.

Those who choose to follow a career as a student hack follow a path that would only draw scorn and derision for lack of activity from the students of '68. For the uninitiated perhaps a quick description of the Edinburgh University hack scene is in order.

There are two types of hack - Teviot and non-Teviot. Teviot hacks have the most fun; come friday night they get to hang around one of the biggest student unions in Scotland with a walkie talkie that makes them look dead impressive and official. However, on the down side the Teviot reps are blamed for everything that has gone wrong with the university for the past two hundred years (usually by the non-Teviot hacks).

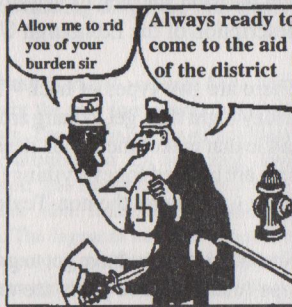
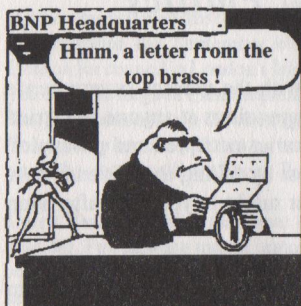
Non-Teviot hacks have got to go through it the hard way, standing for election as class or faculty reps (usually these posts are unoccupied anyway so it's not that difficult) or hanging around cesspits like King's Buildings or Chambers Street. Be warned, this route involves spending more time with academic staff rather than could possibly be healthy. Out of these people the luckiest are perhaps the ESCA rabble whose job it is to get outrageously drunk in a broad cross-section of the unions and local watering holes and to photocopy last years rag mag.

The position of Rector, a high profile job, purportedly for high profile people. Here is a real chance for the students at Edinburgh University to show the world that they care about real issues by electing candidates of suitable calibre and profile. Characteristically, Edinburgh has made excellent use of this of this opportunity by choosing last year, second rate TV presenter Muriel Gray, and this year ageing gaelic rocker Donnie Munro. It is revealing perhaps, that Munro's greatest opposition for the post was Fish, erstwhile lead singer from pop/rock combo Marillion.

We at **THE HERETIC** support the gallant student political scene of Edinburgh. It is our most earnest wish that they succeed in the pursuit of their numerous noble causes. This however, is unlikely as EUSA have rarely managed in living memory even to get enough students together under one roof to achieve a quorum. Bold, decisive moves are called for if student politics are ever to be the social force that they once were. Take to the streets menschen ! Storm the library and burn it to the ground. Grap the principal by the throat and pistol-whip him until he begs for mercy; you have nothing to lose by your anonymity.

Oh Dear there's ...

Trouble in Paradise



After a couple of decades or so of teachers, parents and assorted hassles, the last thing you need is a bunch of new obstacles to deal with but, believe me, these impediments are there. Tutors, term essays, final exams, they're all bunched in a malevolent little group, poised to swoop even as you first get into the swing of that party thing. But they can be dealt with easily, with the minimum discomfort to yourself, if you follow the teachings of;

The Cruiser's Guide to Academia

Tutors, blessed with infinite academic powers, these chaps can do just about anything to you if they so choose; apply low marks to term exams and essays, withhold DP's or even have you tossed out of university with a demand for repayment of your grant if they get really ticked off. Alternatively, they can be extremely lenient over pass marks and late essays, supply valuable information and even liaise with other university authorities on your behalf.

Obviously, these people require careful handling, they will probably respond well if you arrive, on time and well prepared, clutching essays whenever appropriate, at every tutorial and take notes feverishly whenever they open their mouths. However, they might just decide that they don't like you anyway, and let's face it you'd never

have time for anything worthwhile. Realistically, the best you can hope for (from a standard sample of three tutors) is to have one pleasantly indifferent, one anti and one big fan.

Keep the indifferent as he is, these guys require only a little maintenance, turning up two out of three tutorials, handling in standard essays vaguely on time and the occasional diffident smile should be enough to keep it all together. I myself have incurred the wrath of more than a few tutors, it's intimidating, but by pulling a couple of deft strokes you can limit the damage effectively. Willing, strident efforts should be made to turn up to the majority of his tutorials, armed with a couple of facts vaguely relevant to the discussion topic. Visit the swine in private, tell him that you find his subject

uninspiring, are consequently having problems with studying it and have therefore decided to concentrate on those areas you are more likely to take onto honours. There you have it, you've shown inclination to study, given an acceptable excuse for practical non-participation in tutorials and you've supplied a disclaimer for an entire year's mediocre work, easy.

Getting a tutor 'on-side' requires a little more preparation. First select the most likely candidate, usually he or she that you take the greatest shine to in your first week or so, study them at close hand and respond as you feel they would want you to. Now the most important bit, assemble the following: Research any of their published works that you can find, not too carefully, just enough to be able to ask a couple of questions. Find out who or what their favourite academic character or study is and memorise a couple of obscure facts on the field. Similarly, for each tutorial you should glean one or two pieces of trivia on the relevant subject.

Got that? Right, now go visit that tutor and ask a simple question or two about his greatest works, not only will he be impressed by your apparent thirst for knowledge, but he'll also be immensely flattered by your having actually looked at something he's done rather than the standard texts. In tutorials, sit with an expression of extreme concentration and say little. Sooner rather than later your tutor will ask you something. Timing is critical here, pretend that you didn't hear and before he can ask again say; "I'm sorry, it's just that I was wondering why ...(insert suitable piece of trivia)". Hey presto,

you've fended off a question you know nothing about, demonstrated that you have been studying and, with luck, begun to foster a reputation as an incisive thinker with an off the wall approach that will later enable you to get away with just about anything.

The final weapon in your armory is your obscure knowledge of the tutor's pet subject. Introduce this at will, but take care not to do so before he asks you a second question, which he assuredly will after your first brilliant move. Not only will this send that learned one off into a rhapsodic journey on his hobby horse, but will leave him with an impression that you have contributed frequently and competently to the tutorial. C'est a fait accompli. All of this can be accomplished in the first weeks of term, allowing you to take some well deserved R&R and, should the shit hit the fan later, enables you to watch as the anti tutor's campaign is effectively nullified by your biggest fan's enthusiasm, a phenomena so strident that it supplies the tiny push necessary to place Dr. Indifferent in your camp, thus assuring you of a comfortable 2-1 victory.



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FREELoader SCANDAL

Let's face it, living on a student grant or the dole isn't easy. Maybe you're one of the lucky ones, but when I was at University my grant barely covered my rent, and the dole never seems to run to more than a few tins of beans. Nevertheless, I for one **have never and will never ever** resort to the methods detailed below. They are both fraudulent and illegal and rely on abusing the trust of honest businessmen. Don't kid yourself, these men have families to feed too you know and the losses incurred by them due to the practices of the shifty denizens of the underworld can run up to hundreds of pounds.

The Heretic was first made aware of the scandal by means of a note left under cover of darkness at our prestigious Southside offices. Our informant, who wishes to be known only as 'Petulia,' was contacted immediately by our vigilant reporting staff who, with 'Petulia's' help, uncovered a sinister fraud network involving many dozens of shiftless students and work-shy scroungers that goes by the code-name 'Back Shafter.' The 'Back Shafter's' are a loosely knit band who, rather than applying their natural talents to furthering themselves and earning a living, have instead chosen to put their energies into wringing every dishonest dollar they can out of the country's taxpayers. **The Heretic** is, once again, the first to catalogue their seedy schemes:

Overdraft extortion is the practice whereby those members of the ring fortunate enough to have a bank manager willing to authorise a very reasonable overdraft limit on their accounts, systematically plot to extend it, **against the wishes and better judgement of the manager** concerned. Methods include:

- (1) Cashing cheques with a bankers card around pubs, shops and other banks even though they know that there is not enough money in their accounts to honour these commitments.
- (2) Using University computer equipment to produce bogus headed notepaper. The swine then type a letter confirming receipt of a summer job and use this to wring further undeserved extensions from their kind-hearted manager.
- (3) 'The ol' bouncing cheque routine.' A method whereby the overdraft holder presents a large cheque (drawn on an accomplice's defunct account and then immediately cancelled) to his manager claiming to have sold his car or whatever to pay off his overdraft. The delighted manager obviously grants an extension while waiting for clearance. When the cheque bounces the account holder expresses a range of emotions from deflation to rage and nothing is suspected.

(4) Multiple banking. The perpetrator spends the first few weeks of term opening a student account with every branch, taking advantage of every facility available including the interest free overdrafts. The fraudster then embarks on a complicated system of credit transfers from the **one** account he has not overdrawn to the hilt to avoid detection. A complex manouver taken only by the boldest desperado, this method has proved virtually impossible to detect. We at **The Heretic** in fact, only uncovered the scheme when one burglarious bungler miscalculated and found himself caught out by a Bank Holiday. He has since been brought to justice.

And what exactly do the scroungers spend their ill-gotten gains on? Not much it would seem! Because the rotten raiders don't stop there. The Heretic's award-winning* investigative journalism squad has uncovered a further string of illicit enterprises employed to avoid paying for goods and services like everybody else. Books and CD's are luxury items to most, but not for the members of our little brigand band. They apply for introductory offers to book and music clubs without the slightest intention of ever paying for the products. Using this method, the fraudsters can gain up to half a dozen items from each company for **absolutely nothing**. Generous natured owners are reticent when it comes to asking for the cash and, when they finally reluctantly do so, they find that the high-living jail bait have moved flat, rendering them virtually untraceable.

Magazines? No problem for these types. Our specmins regularly fill out introductory offers from publications to gain a free, three month subscription **without the slightest intention** of ever suscribing fully to the magazine. 'The Economist' is a popular target for this particular scam. . Travel? Smart - assed frauds front up to the Employment Service with a UB40 (usually false - these are easy to get) and provide proof of a job interview wherever they intend to go. The trusting D.S.S. employees hand over a rail warrant and Bob's yer Uncle, off swan the lefty loungers on a free holiday.

You have been warned! Keep a sharp eye out for the bandits or they'll have the shirt off your back sooner than you can say Mrs Robinson. Crime is a disease, we at The Heretic think we have the cure. Expose the Scoundrels! If you stumble across such a scheme, contact us immediately and we'll rush it into print. Only a continued campaign to inform and educate the public as to the extent and nature of the problem can be of any real use. Perhaps that way, the streets of Edinburgh will one day be free from the scum who would drag our great city down, and our children will walk safely once more on these mean streets.

* 'World's greatest Grandma' mug. Presented by the Editor's next-door neighbour.

How To Get A Bar Job

(By A Bar Manager)

With dwindling student grants, insufficient top-up loans and lifestyles that cost well in excess of income, many of you will face that most hideous choice - *Get a job or stop drinking !!!* And, having obviously rejected the latter, a natural choice for employment is in the bar trade - the closest thing to actually drinking.

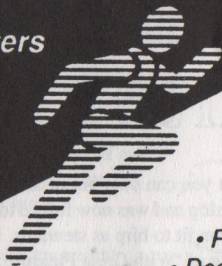
But alas there are many more students looking for bar work than there are bar jobs - so if you want to avoid working in Poundstretcher then check out these handy hints that were provided by the manager of a busy student pub :-

- (1) Experience is good but not vital. What is more important is an outgoing personality and staying power (we are talking unsociable hours and shifts at short notice). Do NOT lie about having experience - it will be obvious in the first minute of employment.
- (2) Don't apply for a pub job by phone (unless there is an advertisement that tells you to do so). You are much more likely to get a job there and then if you turn up in person. An employer will never employ someone over the phone.
- (3) If the person you deal with asks you for a contact number in case 'anything comes up' don't hold your hopes high. The best thing to do in this case is to wait a week or so and then, if you haven't heard anything, pop in to remind them of your existence. Basically - be persistent
- (4) Few pubs will employ people with a really outrageous dress sense. The thing to remember is that most managers are likely to be over thirty and so will not look to kindly on nose rings, multiple earrings etc etc.
- (5) Be well presented - clean nails, tidy (ish) hair, clean clothes - certainly for the interview anyway. Believe it or not publicans are instructed by the brewery to check their employees nails so get them clean and don't bite them !
- (6) Some pubs employ on the basis that new staff will drag their friends along. Whether this is the case or not it won't hurt for a few of your friends to pop in for moral support. Do be careful however as some pubs take a dim view of bar staff serving their friends.
- (7) Some pubs do not allow bar staff to drink in their place of employment. While this is the most often broken (because it is bloody stupid) rule in the bar trade, my advice is to take your cue from the other members of staff.

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The Hislop Interview

√It was the kind of cold and rainy night you can only get in an Edinburgh summer. I'd spent much of the week trying to get in contact with Ian Hislop and was now forced to spend much of my evening dealing with the drooling idiots the Pleasance had seen fit to hire as stewards. Frankly, I was in no mood to be messed about. Hislop was presenting a recording of 'With Great Pleasure,' a kind of 'Desert Island Books' except with more opportunities to show how clever you are. I bet John Sessions has been on it hundreds of times. These things can get pretty rough sometimes so I'd brought along one of **The Heretic's** pool of media enforcers just in case. It turned out to be a pretty smart move.

When the show was over I confronted Hislop but he wasn't about to talk. For a fraction of second I did think about letting it go but hell, this was the big one. We had in our grasp a man responsible for some of the most chilling crimes the past decade has seen. It was Hislop, vile, malignant little swine that he is, that had harrassed to the verge of a nervous breakdown Mrs Sonia Sutcliffe, a woman who has already suffered so much and so terribly. Was it not the same Hislop indeed, who, through the pages of his slanderous pamphlet, hounded unto his very death one of the greatest men of our time; the late Mr Robert Maxwell, soldier, publisher and man of the people?

I've got to hand it to the guy; he took a lot more than I'd suspected he would. The man didn't even flinch when we tore his index finger off, not so much as a whimper as we waxed his nasal hair and nothing more than a polite cough as we force-fed him his own spleen. Admittedly he did begin to exhibit some signs of distress as I peeled the flesh from his cheek with my stainless-steel 'Eversharp' blade (£2.99 from most leading stockists) but it was only as I actually began to scrape at the Zygomaticus major (a facial muscle without which he couldn't produce that famed 'cheeky chappie' grin) that he gave in and agreed to tell us what we wanted to know:

Heretic: So how did a low-down, creeping, snake in the grass like you get to be editor of 'Private Eye'?

Hislop: When I left college I ran a magazine in Oxford, in the middle of which I placed interviews with people I'd always wanted to speak to, one of whom was Peter Cook. He got me fantastically drunk over lunch, so legless in fact that I had no notes of any form. Doubtless impressed by this display of professionalism he invited me to come back again and do it properly. Not only that but he also helped persuade Richard Ingrams (former 'Eye' editor) to give me an interview. After I'd left Oxford I had very little to do, other than putting on sketches and reviews at the Fringe so I started sending in Jokes to The Eye and started to get them printed. it all took off from there really.

Heretic: So what's your problem then? What pushed you into making a career of being a cynical old git?

Hislop: Well I've always sort of viewed the world that way. I remember, as a child abroad, listening to a 'Beyond the Fringe' record my parents had and thinking; yes, this is the way I see the world. Then I started putting on things at school; doing sketches about Careers Masters advising pupils to become school Bursar and embezzle the funds, that sort of thing. All of which was considered fairly outrageous at the time and led me to do much the same

101 USES FOR A JOHN MAJOR (15)

GUARD FOR YOUR LETTUCE

kind of troublemaking ever since.

Heretic: So its not because your short then? I myself am a statuesque 5' 5" and give people a fairly hard time based on that, I rather suspect you're the same.

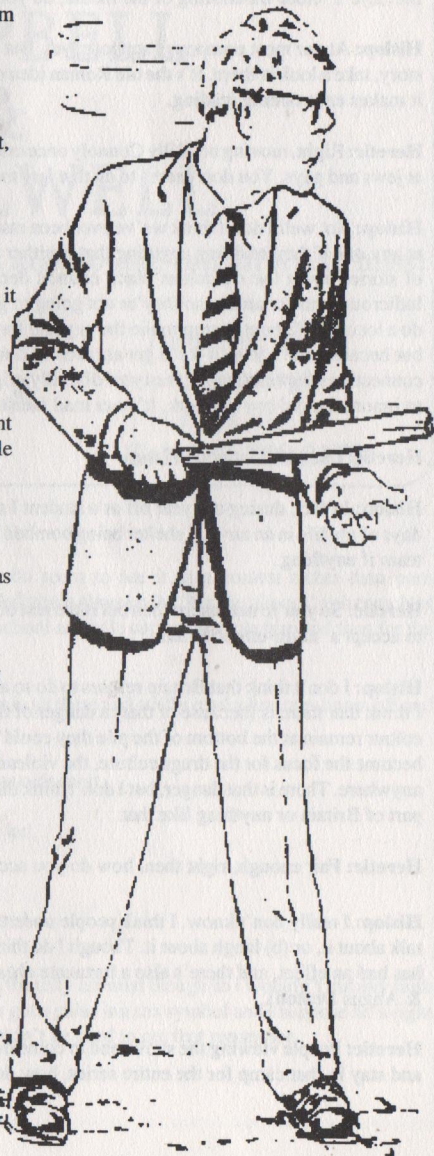
Hislop: No, I've never had a problem with my height really, not at all. I'd never really thought about it in fact, until I started to read profiles of myself described as a 'poisonous midget.'

Heretic: Bit obvious that really.

Hislop: Absolutely, it was Nigel Dempster who started it actually. He didn't have anything else on me and that was the best he could come up with.

Heretic: Look at the 'Eye'; a sniping, anti-establishment liberal publication and then look at you ; pleasant middle class background and accent, public school education. Are you the acceptable face of British rebellion then or what?

Hislop: I suppose that's fair criticism, but then satire has always tended to come from vaguely odd middle-class people. I mean its not generally a working class phenomena and its certainly not an aristocratic one because they're too thick. Wether its acceptable or not I don't know. Satire tends to go in and out of fashion. In the mid '80's it was out of fashion because things were going well and we just looked like boring old whinging leftie gits. Now the recession's hit people have started to come back to us.



Heretic: Yes, well people seem to rather like laughing at their own misfortunes. I've no idea why though, being down on my luck just pisses me off.

Hislop: I think they like an identification of the people who are to blame. In this case there really are people who's fault it is and deserve to have the boot stuck in.

Heretic: The media has often been (laughably in my opinion) referred to as the 'Fourth Estate,' considering the 'Eye's' close monitoring of the media; do you consider yourselves a 'Fifth Estate.'

Hislop: At our most pompous I suppose; yes. But it's more a case of saying: Well this is who told you that story, take a look at them. It's the old Roman idea of who guards the guardians. Somebody's got to do it and it makes entertaining reading.

Heretic: Right, moving on. Billy Connolly once criticized the 'Eye' for being too 'public school' and sniping at Jews and gays. You don't seem to do that any more. Is it because you've become too right-on for words?

Hislop: No, well I don't think we've ever been racist or anything like that. We've always felt free to laugh at any one if they're doing anything that is either ludicrous or funny. We don't pull any punches in terms of stories about the ridiculous black council decisions in Brent because 90% of the magazine is about ludicrous white councils, so they're not going to get off scott-free. As far as anti-semitism goes? Well we do a lot of stuff about corruption in the city and for every Goldsmith we turn over there's always a Poulson, but because one's Jewish we'll get accused of doing it just because of that fact. If your going to point out connections between people then you'd be silly to ignore connections like religion much like you'd be stupid to ignore the old boy network. It's not mad facism.

Heretic: Ok, we'll let you off then

Hislop: In fact, during my year off as a student I spent 1978 working on a kibutz, and actually spent three days of my life in an air-raid shelter being bombed by the PLO, so I think I'm more likely to be on the Jewish team if anything.

Heretic: So you're not racist then but is the rest of Britain, is there a refusal on the part of society as a whole to accept a multi-ethnic Britain?

Hislop: I don't think that Britain refuses to do so at all, though I do think that they're very slow about it and I think that there is (because of that) a danger of the American model taking hold here; in that if people of colour remain at the bottom of the pile they could become endemically bottom of the pile and therefore they become the focus for the drugs culture, the violence culture and the criminal culture and they can never get anywhere. There is that danger, but I don't think there is an endemic desire to prevent blacks from becoming part of Britain or anything like that.

Heretic: Fair enough, right then, how do you account for the success of 'Have I got News for You'?

Hislop: I really don't know. I think people underestimate the public's desire to take current affairs and (a) talk about it, or (b) laugh about it. Though I do think that packaging it as a game show, which it isn't really, has had an effect, and there's also a fortunate chemistry between the three of us on the show (Paul Merton & Angus Deaton).

Heretic: People viewing the show tend to come down heavily on the side of either yourself or Paul Merton and stay in that camp for the entire series, how do you feel about that?

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Hislop: Well judging from the mail we get, people do seem to see it as a contest rather than pure entertainment. It's quite good casting too, I mean, Paul definitely plays up the 'Mr Metalwork' yob character who knows everything so much better than the public school arsehole sitting opposite him and then for the women there's Mr Smoothie in the middle.

Heretic: Yeah, how does he do that? I mean, all he does is sit there and stiffly read a few one-liners off and he's got the women of Britain falling at his feet.

Hislop: Exactly; Reads the autoque and the fifteen year olds faint.

Heretic: And who can blame them? He's a handsome lad.

Hislop: I can.

Heretic: So do you get much mail from female fans?

Hislop: I suppose I do really, a lot of people who watch the telly are mad though so I wouldn't put any faith in that. Paul Merton once said that anyone on TV who's got a pulse is a sex symbol and I suppose he's right at that. I mean, compared to say, Richard Baker, it couldn't be hard to get that reputation.

Heretic: And what of Paul Merton, any comments?

Hislop: What a miserable Bastard.

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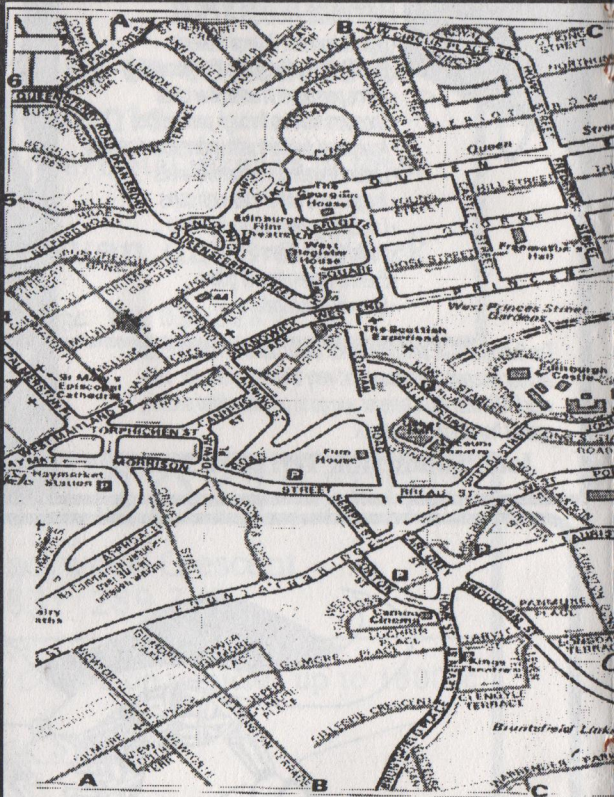
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THE HERETIC'S GUIDE TO; DRUGS

There's no doubt about it, **DRUGS** are a terrible thing. Everything you've read about them is true, stay away or the dreaded reefer madness will surely destroy you as it has so many others. We at **The Heretic** thought we could handle it and look at us now; breaking our butts in an ill-fated attempt to flog a second rate magazine to a bunch of spotty students. Still, young folks being what they are, some of you young bucks will probably give it all a bash anyway. In which case we feel it our **civic duty** to ensure that, if you must embark on this foolhardy venture, you are at least well informed about the perils you face.*

MARIJUANA. Despite the strident efforts of campaigners over the past decades, this stuff's still (strictly speaking) illegal. Smoked in resinated or leaf form, it produces a certain lackadaisical bonhomie in the user.

POSITIVE EFFECTS: The frequent user develops a laid-back, no hassles approach to life. A charming character laden with je ne sais quoi, this chap is far less likely to humiliate himself and embarrass his friends by starting a fight and then vomiting outside than the drunken rugger-slob at the other end of the bar. The major component (THC) is regularly administered to cancer patients undergoing Chemotherapy to reduce nausea, just one of the numerous healing purposes it has been put to over the past few centuries.

NEGATIVE EFFECTS: Your average user will claim that there are none but he'd be wrong. Frequent use does result in a certain degree of short-term memory loss. Getting it together to carry out all those miniscule but essential tasks for everyday life becomes less and less likely the more you smoke and (and this is a common factor amongst all controlled substances) you are more likely to find burly policemen bursting into your flat to tear your sofa apart before carting you off to prison.

SPEED. Snort it, eat it or inject it, the effect of this little number is universal. Expect to jump around a lot, jabber wildly at your friends and find just about everything pretty damn exciting. There's practically nothing you can't do on Speed. *Editors Note: Never, ever, ever hassle a man packed to the gills with amphetamines; he'd probably kill you.*

POSITIVE EFFECTS: Users develop a short term ability to dance for hours on end without stopping. With speed, anyone can party all night. Those all-nighter work sessions need never be a major drain on your energy again. Sex verges on the mind-blowing apparently. Also gratifying is the

*This passage inserted at the insistence of the Publishers' Solicitor.

superior feeling one feels when watching drunk people cavort around the pub, many hours of harmless fun to be had looking down your nose at people.

NEGATIVE EFFECTS: Apart from the very real risk of psychological addiction, regular use of Speed results in calcium deficiency (it'll take at least six pints of milk to get your levels back up to scratch) muscle wastage, sore throats if you swallow it and ruined sinuses if you snort it. It plays havoc with your complexion too. Not a very good idea.

COCAINE Much as above excepting that its a sweeter and shorter high.

POSITIVE EFFECTS. Not really a direct effect: You need to be dead flash to afford the stuff so You'll probably have a trick car and flat and things like that. If you can afford to pay £80 per gramm, please send a little to the deserving and poor editorial staff of The Heretic.

NEGATIVE EFFECTS. Massively addictive. Regular users can be recognised by the way they get fired from top jobs, sell porshes and penthouse apartments etc. to get more.

L. S. D. Albert Hoffman, and Dr. Timothy Leary, arguably the U.S.' most ground breaking psychologist of the 1960's, combined to bring this to the attention of the public as the greatest breakthrough in psychoanalytic history. Obviously it had to be banned and thats what was done. L.S.D. users can usually be found on the dance floor of most clubs or sitting in the corner looking pleased with themselves. In the pub, these guys'll probably be too busy hugging each other to fight the aforementioned drunken rugger slob.

POSITIVE EFFECTS. A feeling of expanded consciousness (seldom acted upon) is generally accompanied by a general feeling of well-being and good will towards all your fellow dwellers on the planet earth. LSD sends you into another world for eight or so hours, a world of hallucinations, incredible insights and insanity. Trying to describe a trip apparently, has the same difficulty factor of describing the flavor of ice-cream to someone who has never tried it multiplied by a thousand. (Huxley tried and failed in 'The Doors of Perception')

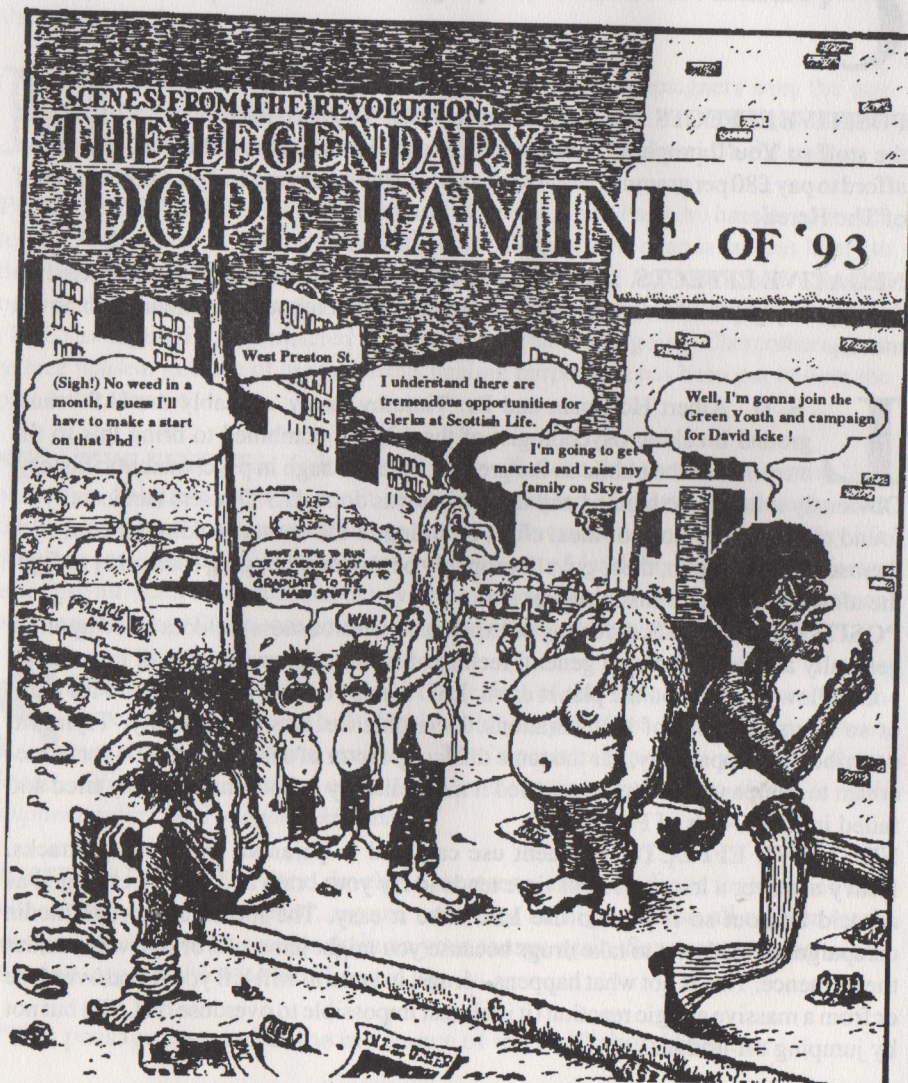
NEGATIVE EFFECTS. Frequent use can lead to paranoia and anxiety attacks. Heavy use over a long period of time tends to fry your brain and you'll get tagged as an acid burnout so if you do use LSD take it easy. The media anti-drugs media campaign told kids not to take drugs because you might jump of a bridge when under the influence. This is not what happens - drugs, in general will kill you if you overdose or from a massive allergic reaction (it is almost impossible to overdose on LSD) but not by jumping off bridges.

E CSTACY. What can I say? The tabloid sensation of the nineties. E-heads spend most of their time at techno clubs enjoying themselves and the rest of it in bed with their partners enjoying themselves.

POSITIVE EFFECTS. Jolly good times had by all.

NEGATIVE EFFECTS. As E's are meant to look like aspirin anyway its dead easy to get ripped off. You also have to spend much of your time at Techno clubs which can be a bummer. Not to mention dehydration, increased heart-rate and risk of exhaustion and, occasionally, death.

HEROIN. I wouldn't if I were you.



Cosmopolitan ?

I have a male friend who thinks he had quite an insight into the minds of us women. He is given to coming out with pithy one liners on the subject of the female psyche. When I asked him what he thought about whether I should go on a diet he looked at me in silent contemplation for a while and then said, cryptically, "Show me a women who is completely happy with her body shape and I'll show you a woman who has had extensive plastic surgery."

Why I bothered to ask this jerk I still don't know and I did greet his comment with a snort of derision at the time. The trouble is what he said stuck with me and *not* because it was the most stupid thing that I have heard for a while. Nope, I'm a bit worried because for once I think that Tony may have hit on something. Here is where I realise I may be standing on treacherous ground, I don't want to be branded sizeist or sexist but it does strike me that we girls have a bit of a problem. Do we spend hours coaxing out boyfriends down to the pub with gems such as, "You look fabulous, I mean it! I told you those jeans would be fine, you look lovely. No! Your bum does *not* look really big..." No, I don't think so. Yet this is the sort of behaviour a lot of girls indulge in before they even nip out to the shop to buy some milk.

Why? When you walk down the street are there hundreds of flabby, horrific-looking ogres blubbering past? Is Britain in fact populated with oversized women whose fate is never to eat another jam doughnut at risk of exploding? Again, emphatically no. What is our problem? I think (deep breath here) that it's low self-esteem caused by the nagging desire to be perfect. No wonder a hell of a lot of women are frequently in despair about their body shape. One minute big cleavages are in (Claudia Schiffer), and the sales of Wonderbras explode as the smaller chested among us (me included I might add) start to feel slightly let down (no pun intended) in the bosom area.

Next it's back to the drawing board with the all new waif look. Perhaps this is in part a backlash against *Wonderbras* and the nasty red marks that they left on you as they lifted and separated. Seriously, hardly anyone is as slender as Jane Moss, and no amount of slim-fast shakes and skinny rib clothing is going to change an even slightly curvy figure into that of a twelve girl. But why do it in the first place? Men! Of course it's all their fault! CRAP - while men fantasise about waking up next to Cindy Crawford, the reality would probably somewhat different. Men, for the most part are intimidated by very beautiful women. Even Mr. Drop-dead-gorgeous wouldn't feel able approach such a woman without being sneered at. Even if he did go out with her he would spend half his time wondering when she would go off with someone better looking and the other half most likely putting up with his shallow and self-obsessed *sex kitten*. This is the opinion of my good friend David and I have the feeling he's not alone.

My gut feeling is that guys will put up with (or probably not even notice) our *faults* much as we overlook theirs. He's not going to leave you because of a dimply bum. However constant whingeing about it may drive him away. Blokes who want Miss More Tits than Wits can stay at home with their pin-up girls.

What I do admire about blokes is their ability just to be happy the way they are, despite a receding hairline or a beer gut. I'm sure some may agonise or weep silently in front of the mirror, but at least they don't do it in public. I don't see them going neurotic with insecurity every time a better looking specimen walks by. I've had enough. I'm sick of the beauty industry telling me what shape I should be. Who benefits? A handfull of stick-like supermodels and a parasitical industry that trades off insecurity and discontent, that is who.

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All In The Game

Sport, as a whole, and particularly the politics of sport, gets a ridiculous amount coverage in the media. Personally I have no problems with this, as long as sport remains entertainment. What, however, I do object to are the sensational tabloid headlines that seem to accompany any major sport.

Tabloid headlines put *news* headlines like **"Gazza gets pissed in pub shock"** ahead of stories about the massacre of hundreds of innocents in Bosnia. It is however a fact that a greater majority of the British public know the name of the England football manager than the name of say the minister of defense. Whether the tabloids cater to this strange situation or are the cause of it is open to debate.

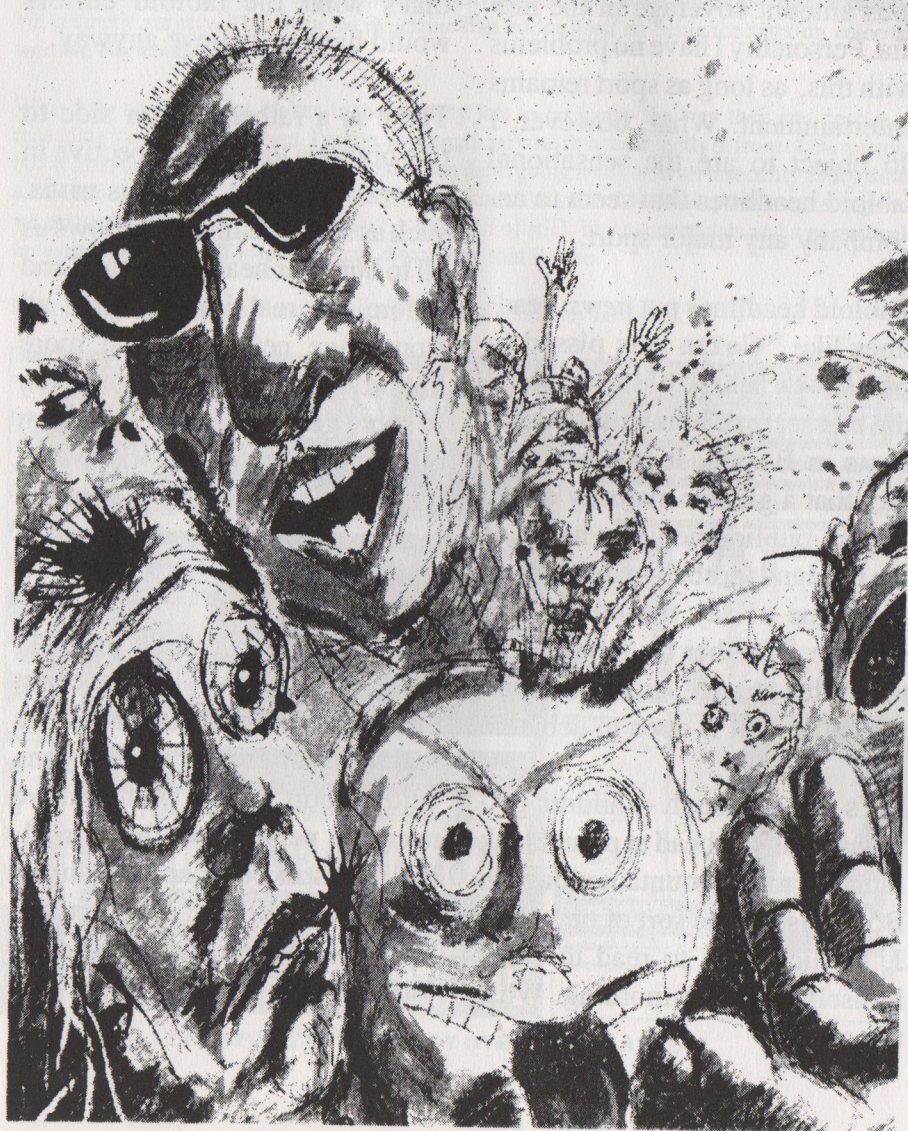
Let's face it though - children getting shot in the head at point blank range in some mountain village in Bosnia is not the sort of news that J. Public wants to read to cheer himself up in the morning. What the average

person on the street wants is **"Gazza shags randy Roxy"**. Well that's what the tabloid editors would have us believe anyway.

There is a rather sinister side to this obvious loss of perspective in the media. Trivia, and it is trivia, such as sport, fashion etc allows us all to bury our head in the sand and ignore the real issues. After all front page news must be more important than page twelve news. If sport gets more coverage than other, more tangible, world events then there is the danger of producing a sport loving, apathetic and ill educated generation.

"So, what's new"? I hear you ask. Well, probably not much except that previous generations had a real need for escapism. Everyone enjoys sport up to a point but we need the perspective that can allow us to strike the happy medium. So enjoy your sport, support your favourites but please, please don't forget the real world.

What's On...



REVIEW SECTION

The Holyrood Tavern, Holyrood Road.

Twas the night before term started, and all through the town not a creature was stirring. Except, that is, in the **Holyrood Tavern**, where Edinburgh's party hard-core were having a shit-kicking good time. They came from nowhere and from everywhere, thundering through the wind and rain on a one-way economy super saver ticket to paradise. Mothers ran into the road, snatching their children from the path of the oncoming horde, grown men stood rooted in fear, a solitary Priest genuflected frantically, his incantations blurring in his haste as he stared into the face of Hell itself. And they came, sinister denizens of the night, streaming down the Pleasance and the Cowgate, as if drawn by the pulsating, throbbing beat from within and were there, as pilgrims at Damascus.

And what joys lay within. The bearded ones beamed as they supped from a selection of the Shire's finest cask Ales, tired travellers reclined on the vast and commodious seating supplied, and less weary maidens reclined on Mark, the equally accomodating and sumptuous publican. Slaves to rythmn were torn asunder; What to do? Listen to the finest Jukebox in Edinburgh or turn it off and listen to the equally prestigious live Blues guitar? Simmilarly perplexed gourmets struggled to choose from an excellent menu (all subject to an appropriate discount for scholars) and those who were left? They could only worship at the pinball table or get pissed.

The Holyrood Tavern is open all the time, has a quiz night on Tuesdays, live music on Wednesdays and Thursdays and recieves a coveted **The Heritic Gold Star** with Frills for general fabness.

Pierre Victoire Restaurants

The Pierre Victoire chain of restaurants offer quality French cuisine at an affordable price. There are three restaurants in Edinburgh, with the one on Victoria Street being both the original and most popular. Expect an evening meal to cost from £10 - £20 per head for 3 courses, the higher cost going with either the more expensive dishes (Lobster Thermidore at £9.95) or greater drinking capacity.

Of excellent value is the lunchtime special - 3 courses for only £4.90.

This is an ideal opportunity to sample the food and impress parents ('of course I'm eating properly mum, why only yesterday I was at....'). House wine is £7 per bottle and eminently quaffable.

The interior of the Victoria Street restaurant can be either described as bohemian by the pretentious or cheap clutter by the rest of us. The Grassmarket version is a bit more up market but still comfortable and as yet I have not sampled the Leith one - there are too many pubs on the way.

Pierre Lapin is the version for vegetarians. Situated just next to the Pear Tree, it is reported to be excellent after a shaky start when the staff realised that there is no such thing as a French tradition in vegetarian cooking. They have now created that 'tradition'.

The restaurants are all always busy so expect to have to book.

Tarik.

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CLUBS

Edinburgh nightlife is not what it was, with many pubs being forced to close hours earlier than a year ago and the ridiculous 1:30 club curfew, however if you follow the Heretic's very own clubland guide then you're guaranteed a fine night out.

The Venue Carlton Road 557 3073

Hidden away at the back of Waverly station, the Venue is nevertheless a very popular venue (hmm so that's why they called it that) for several of the more hip clubs in Edinburgh. If you want to strut your funky stuff to 2 Unlimited and the Pet Shop Boys then this is not the place for you - try Century 2000 (and get a life). Thursday kicks off with Tribal Funktion and Chocolate City alternately with fine combinations of funk, rare groove, acid jazz and even a bit of good old hardcore dance; if you can stomach the group of ever so trendy ya's in the corner then this is definitely one of the best clubs to go to on a Thursday. Pure, on a Friday, is according to some, *the* club to go to. At seven pounds (5 for members but how one becomes a member is one of the mysteries of the deep) it really had better be. It's a techno club and I'll say no more - check it out yourself. I have had a really good time each time I've been but not twice the amount of fun I've had at lower priced clubs. There are two clubs on Saturday: Misery and Frottage. Misery plays crap music, well not so much crap as really naff, deliberately and people seem to like it; it's a mystery to me. Frottage - best club in town, an excellent blend of rock, rap, indie, ragga, goth and all sorts of other stuff. Frottage rises above other clubs of the same ilk because it plays songs that you can actually dance to (take note Chambers Street Rock night). Frottage is on every other Saturday, alternating with a club called Wave which I haven't been to but I've been told is quite good.

The Mission Victoria Street 225 3326

The Mission is a dingy bendy twisty sort of a venue. If sweat dripping into your pint from the roof doesn't bother you overly then there are some not bad clubs on here. Shag, on Thursday is a popular first year meat market playing mainstream crap. If you want to pull and don't care much about music then this is the club for you. Friday has two clubs (for one price!), upstairs is where the heavy metal mothers from hell, and a lot of pseudos hang out to the likes of Metallica, the Sisters and Rage against the Machine whereas downstairs sees an uneasy mixture of indie, chart and sixties. Personally speaking, if the DJ plays "Come on Eileen" after "Killing in the Name of" one more time I shall be forced to kill him. On Saturday there is a club called Rock Orgasm and even those of you from Shetland will, I'm sure will be able to guess what sort of music is played there.

The Unions

Teviot Bristo Square 650 4673

What to say about Teviot? Well, every Friday all the first years dress up, get pissed, got to Teviot and assert their individuality. There are three clubs on a Friday: upstairs is mainstream, the middle bit is dance and techno (and not very good usually) and the basement is alternative. The good thing about Teviot is that, erm erm it's free for students and only 50p for guests. If you're a first year then by all means check it out, but do check out some of the other clubs in town as well.

Chambers Street

I really wouldn't bother these days - the committee are useless, the beer is watery, the food is useless and the music quality and selection is laughable. Two year ago this place was really good but for some reason Chambers Street, along with the other Unions has gone downhill (or maybe I'm just getting older).

Potterrow Bristo Square 650 8090

Wednesday is dance and Friday is alternative. Last year they were pretty bad due to low attendance, maybe things will get better this year, I hope so because they used to be good.

Carlton Studios Carlton Road 558 3758

Several clubs on here. The Monday Club is on Monday (surprise surprise) and plays a good selection of punk, goth and industrial music to a lousy selection of people (except Jeff of course). Friday sees Anthem with a late eighties groovy underground sound and the Banshee which is like the Monday Club with a bit of Bon Jovi and Poison thrown in to keep people dancing. For some reason the Banshee alternates with Twiggy which plays mellow sixties stuff and about which I know nothing other than the fact that it was free the other week which means it's either crap or the recession is worse than I thought.

The Citrus Club Grindlay Street 229 6697

Beware - expect to be given a good grope by the bouncers - especially if you're female. Never in Edinburgh have I come across such bloody idiots at the door of any club. However the place itself (after the bodysearch) is not bad at all. Wednesday is Teasage with indie, punk and disco. Fridays see other DJ's imported from other clubs around Scotland so expect anything. Blue on Saturday gives the trendies a chance to show how well they dance and how cool they are generally, to a mix of garage and house.

Century 2000 Lothian Road 229 7670

AAAARRRRGGGGHHHH don't go, don't even be tempted.

The Vaults Niddry Street 556 7018

Pretty atmospheric place, aptly named anyway. Clubs here tend to be either heavy techno or funky and full of people having the sort of time that can only be brought about by taking something illegal. There is some dispute between the licensing board and the club at the moment so if you're desperate to go then phone them up. There is the pre-club seven days a week at the moment if you want a taste of things to come.

Moray House Holyrood Road 556 5184

One of the better places to go on a Saturday is FBI which, cunningly alternates with Shaft. The result of all this is that it is possible to go to Frottag one Saturday and FBI on the other, or even Wave then Shaft. Here we have an excellent mix of indie, garage, sixties and disco with a good atmosphere and reasonably priced drinks.

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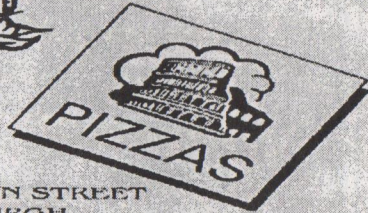


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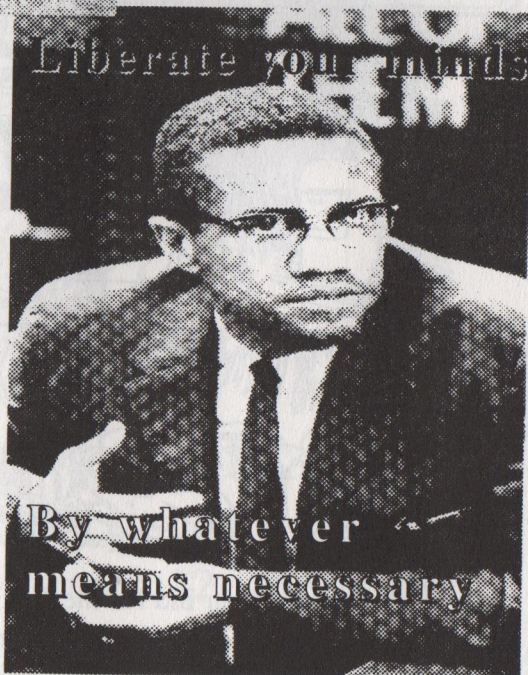
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Travellers' Tales

In the first of a series featuring the meanderings of anyone who fancy's writing a piece, Craig Harper waxes lyrical all over Prague

At times I got the impression that I was part of some occupying army, conscripts of the invisible hand. Such was the strength of the tourist population; many conspicuous in their rucksack and baseball cap uniformity. Although considerably tamer in my outward appearance there was no escaping the fact that I had been susceptible to the same pull that Prague had exerted on the western world in the years following the 'velvet revolution.'

The twin attractions of its legendary beauty and low cost of living compared to that over here were the chief motives behind my visit. My stay of over two weeks did not dissappoint.

I had been given a contact address by a friend back in the U.K. who had just spent over a year in Prauge. My hosts were an American who worked in films and a Czech academic. They lived in an apartment on the outskirts of the city and were both busy people so during the day I went out alone to investigate all that Prague has to offer and had the dubious honour of being introduced to Czech nightlife by the American and his mates.

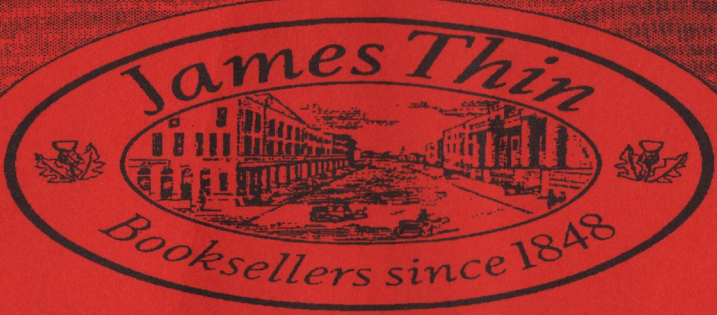
The couple of nights I ventured out alone were an experience in themselves. A club called BORAT in the UJEZD district had been heartily recommended as a venue for music and ridiculously cheap alcohol, with the added bonus that I might come across some english-speaking (or female) company. Well, that had been the idea anyway, it didn't happen. I think I rather frightened the yanks away. Perhaps they had not been led to expect alcohol hungry Scots people as part of their virtual reality tour package, - I don't know.

Undeterred, I found the club, bought myself a bottle of wine and socialized. The highlight of the evening proved to be an encounter with a huge bearded Czech who resembled a bear in appearance, the only distinguishing difference being the fact that he was using crutches. He and his girlfriend were great people and at the end of the evening we all engaged in an approximation of a barn dance to the Pogues. The Pogues were the second-favourite band in the city after the Velvet Underground. My mate in the U.K. alleges that this was because his busking mates from Glasgow had introduced the tunes. Whatever the reason, the music (or perhaps the vast quantities of cheap wine) seemed to have miraculously cured the bearded Czech of his need for crutches.

The most memorable sightseeing trip I undertook was a jaunt across town to the castle and its precincts. After a short ride by tram and a long run up some very steep steps I was there, with an ideal chance to survey a large part of the city. I found I could now understand more fully the imagery behind Kafka's 'The Castle' the 'Big Brother' overtones obvious as I stood, omnipresent, over Prague. The medieval cathedral of St Vitus that adjoined the castle was an added attraction. The doors to the building were reverentially opened by a monk who closely resembled Sean Connery in 'The Name of the Rose.' Alas, it wasn't Sean, unless Mr Connery has recently lost a finger from his right hand. This man, and the church into which he ushered our twentieth century souls, provided for a moment an insight into a more ascetic world, a world all the more admirable for its survival of fifty years of communism.

The rebuttal of this doctrine was to loom large in my perception and appreciation of the city. Understandably, it was resoundingly denounced by those whom I encountered in the cavernous drinking halls in the evening. Local entrepreneurs appeared to be doing their best to put it all behind them by selling off communist memorabilia. More sinisterly, those universal icons of the incredible shrinking world were everywhere. Indeed, such was the all pervasive nature of this new culture that I remember thinking that my first packet of Czech cigarettes, the home grown 'Sparta,' tasted remarkably like Marlboro. I should have known better. Some weeks later on my return to the U.K. I read that Philip Morris, the owners of Marlboro, had all but sown up the Czech market. I can only feel concern at the apparently unqualified acceptance of capitalism and its mores as well as a little guilt at being one of its bi-pedal representatives. But again, who am I to judge?

Given the damage that the communist regime has perpetrated in one way or another it is hardly surprising that the people of the Czech Republic look to market forces as their saviour. I was told that the view from the apartment where I stayed had once been the site of an ancient settlement, now its a block of iron-grey utilitarian flats. Capitalism at least, would have preserved the site; if only as a theme park. Saying that though, Prague is still a very cheap place to live, though getting more expensive every day. If you want to go, go soon. In a couple of years there may be nothing of the old Prague left.



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